UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

A New and Greater UNITY

An Announcement

VOLUME LXXXVIII NUMBER 8

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JOHN HAYNES HOLMES : *Editors* : FRANCIS NEILSON

UNITY Fellowship

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EDITH LLOYD JONES

Vol. 1 March 1, 1878 No. 1

THE

Pamphlet Mission

FOR

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP & CHARACTER

IN

RELIGION.

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UNITY Fellowship Associates

BOND OF UNION

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The name of this fellowship is The Unity Fellowship Associates and its purpose is the interpretation of the Religion of Democracy. Membership means a declaration of sympathy and interest. There are no dues. Members may make voluntary contributions which will be used for the purpose of making known the aims of the Fellowship and the publication of its literature.

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Lists of the members will be sent to all members so that they may be known to one another. Local groups may be formed wherever there exists a sufficient number and there is the desire to do so.

All persons who desire to become members may do so by sending their names to UNITY, care of Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, Ill.

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700 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed you will find check for which please enter my subscription to UNITY for one year.

Mr. (Mrs. or Miss)_____

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXVIII. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1921 NUMBER 8

A New and Greater UNITY

AN ANNOUNCEMENT

The Great War and the failure of the world to make a real peace have disclosed a pathetic and general misunderstanding of the ideas of civilization, liberty, humanity, and religion, upon which our modern institutions have been supposed to rest. The time has come to make a new and more earnest effort to reinterpret these great ideas, to bring to light their deeper meanings, and thus to apply a fresh energy to meet world-distress and attempt world-reconstruction.

Central to these ideas is the modern concept of democracy. This is not a scheme of social machinery—not a mere counting of numbers in the political field, nor a realignment of contending forces in the industrial. It is nothing less than a spiritual change of attitude, purpose, will; it is the way in which humanity expresses itself, and just men choose to live. In this sense, it becomes a new and human religion. Nothing except a recognition and acceptance of democracy, in its widest and deepest implications both individual and social, can fulfill the ideals of religion and produce its fruits.

Among the religious journals of America, UNITY, founded as "The Pamphlet Mission" in 1878, from 1880 edited under its present title by that great lover of men, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, has been conspicuous for its constant devotion to the religion of democracy as exemplified in freedom, fellowship and character. In taking upon ourselves at this time its editorial control we seek to carry on its noble tradition and to bring ever more distinctively to realization the splendid ideals toward which its course has been directed from the beginning. We ask the assistance, the counsel and the practical sympathy of all people who have hopeful faith in the future of mankind. The sorrows and obscurity of our time present a commanding opportunity. Who can see this and not feel an immense corresponding responsibility?

Without antagonizing any religious bodies which minister to the life of our age, we hope for the development, wherever ground is ripe, for "community churches" as the type best fitted today for the expression of democratic religion. We place little emphasis on form and organization. Churches have professed much and effected little. We seek rather to serve men and women who will and dare, whether in groups and together, or in the freedom of individual effort, to do whatever the urging inward spirit of fellowship bids.

FRANK C. DOAN.	HENRY R. MUSSEY.	CLARENCE R. SKINNER.
CHARLES F. DOLE.	FRANCIS NEILSON.	ANNA GARLIN SPENCER.
JESSE H. HOLMES.	EDMUND H. REEMAN.	SIDNEY STRONG.*
JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.	ALSON H. ROBINSON.	ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY.

The above Announcement, which marks the opening of a new chapter in the history of UNITY, calls for explanation and interpretation. Representing on the one hand the culmination of a plan which has long been maturing in a few minds, and on the other hand the beginning of a movement which involves intricate details of procedure, and the promise, at least, of not unimportant consequences in the field of creative spiritual idealism, it calls alike in both cases for a careful statement to the readers and supporters of this paper. As the one directly and exclusively responsible for the presentation of this plan to the Trustees of UNITY, I venture to describe here, in personal form, what I had in mind when I urged upon these Trustees its favorable consideration and adoption.

I.

The origin of UNITY is somewhat obscure, although clearly identified with the development of Unitarianism in the middle west, during the decade following the close of the Civil War. Its earliest progenitor was *The Liberal Worker*, started in the late months of 1874 by George Willis Cooke, then minister in the little town of Sharon, Wisconsin, and later merged with *The Spectrascope*, edited and published in Milwaukee by Mrs. J. L. Dudley. *The Spectrascope*, largely literary and reformatory in character, did not please the Unitarians; and in 1878 *The Pamphlet Mission* was started in Chicago under the direction of a publication committee consisting of Robert Collyer, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, William C. Gannett, and C. W. Wendte. George Willis Cooke and J. T. Sunderland were selected to furnish two or three pages of "notes and news" for each issue. The name of this paper was changed to UNITY in 1880, and about this time came under the editorial control of Mr. Jones. For the succeeding thirty-eight years—i. e., until his death in 1918—Mr. Jones gave to UNITY a devotion equalled by nothing in his life save his devotion to Abraham Lincoln Centre. Under his direction the paper became notable for its championship of all progressive causes, and especially for its adherence to an ideal of *unity* which should transcend in common brotherhood all division of classes, sects, nations and races.

*In expectation. Mr. Strong's absence in Australia has delayed his acceptance.—J. H. H.

During the war, UNITY suffered severely for its unfaltering fidelity to love and peace. Its difficulties culminated in the suppression of several of its issues by the government. This was followed shortly by the death of Mr. Jones. In March, 1919, the Trustees invited Mr. Francis Neilson and myself to take the editorial control of the paper, and we have remained steadily in charge since that date.

II.

It was inevitable, under the circumstances prevailing during the years of Mr. Jones's editorship, that UNITY should have been very largely a personal organ. It has been inevitable, also, during the nearly three years in which Mr. Neilson and I have directed affairs, that similar influences of personality should prevail. Having no resources apart from the individual energy of its editors, the paper has necessarily leaned heavily upon the men in charge, and encouraged them to free expression of their opinions and ideas. In Mr. Jones's day, at least, this was an element of strength, for no journal could covet a nobler distinction, or seek to fulfill a higher function, than that of serving as the medium of utterance for such a soul. Whatever may happen in the future, it is inconceivable that anything can ever dissociate UNITY from the glorious memory of Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

It is interesting to note, however, that it was never Mr. Jones's own intention or desire to have UNITY a mere personal organ for himself. He was at once too modest and too big a man to cherish such a purpose. Furthermore, he saw as clearly as anybody the weaknesses involved in such a personal relationship. At every opportunity, therefore, he tried to make his paper the organ not of a man but of a group of men, not of a personality but of a movement or a cause. Thus, in the early days, he held UNITY fast to the service of the Western Unitarian Conference. Later on, as he mounted "above the battle" of sects and creeds, and brought to pass the crowning achievement of his life in "The World's Parliament of Religions" in 1893, he identified UNITY with "The Congress of Religions," which was the permanent body organized at the "Parliament." Still later he joined hands with the "Free Religious Association of America," and proclaimed at the head of the columns of this paper his desire to affiliate with "all other organizations and individuals seeking to widen fellowship and realize the Brotherhood of the Spirit unrimmed by creed, form or sectarian prejudices."

This same purpose, which was thus ever present with Mr. Jones, has been present also with Mr. Neilson and myself. In the confusion, through nearly four years, incident to the war, and especially to the sudden death of UNITY's editor, we saw nothing to do at the moment except throw ourselves into the breach, and try to save and restore the paper by the use of every ounce of personal influence and power that we chanced to possess. Even this has been difficult, for both of us carry responsibilities to which the interests of UNITY have necessarily been secondary; but what we could do, we have done with a right good will. Always in our minds, however, has been the hope of making UNITY something more and greater than it has ever been—of fulfilling what we believe really was the dream of Mr. Jones himself. We have been moved from the beginning, as our predecessor was moved, by a vision of what such a paper as UNITY ought to be. In addition, has come the experience of the years since the close of the Great War, with its imperative suggestion of reorganization and redirection as the condition in society of continued life.

What is revealed in this experience of the war and its aftermath is the pathetic failure of men to understand the meaning of these various ideas of civilization, liberty, humanity, for the sake of which the war was so nobly, if mistakenly, fought. Central to these ideas, as the above Announcement states, is the modern concept of democracy, the hope of which was in all our hearts as at once the solace and challenge of the vast struggle of European arms. In our loss of everything which this concept holds, in the passing over of our world into barbarism, tyranny and violent disorder, we behold the tragedy not merely of the war, but of our whole system of thought and life. We do not understand our problem; we have not mastered our ideas. What we need is a new study of humanity, a laying hold afresh of the fundamentals of democracy. We need to see this democracy as "a new and human religion," to be quickened within us as a passion for freedom, and to be realized without us as a program or design of social rebuilding. The task before us is identical with that which confronted the men of the period of the Renaissance, with the single difference that the incidence of the war has released forces calculated rather to defeat than to fulfill the creative purposes of men's souls today. Ours therefore is a greater task, requiring abler thought, nobler courage, and deeper faith.

Something of this Mr. Neilson and I have seen from the moment that we assumed editorial control of this paper. To what worthier service could we dedicate UNITY than to this task of redefining democracy—rescuing it from the betrayal of the war, and commending it again to men? What other religious journal in America was free, as UNITY was free, to answer this challenge of the times? Here were no sectarian ties, no political affiliations, no class consciousness, no race prejudice, not even parochial loyalties to the nation in contradistinction to humanity! The only bonds were personal—the dependence of the paper upon its editors. To break these bonds by substituting for single persons a *fellowship* of persons—this was the one thing remaining to be done. Of existing fellowships there seemed none which was adequate to our purpose. "New occasions teach new du-

ties," and demand new associations of men. Why should not UNITY, therefore, build around itself, and out of itself, its own Fellowship? Why should it not attempt in the field of humanistic religion, of democracy as a will to a new and better world, what the Fabians did in England when Socialism was new, and what *Clartè* is today attempting in Europe for the healing of the nations? We cannot do much, perhaps; but we can at least bring together those who belong together, and help them, through association in a common service of idealism, to do in fellowship what no one of them can do alone.

III.

The first step in the realization of such a purpose was the organization of a Unity Fellowship, to serve as the responsible editorial board of this paper. Twelve men (eleven men and one woman) have been chosen to constitute this Fellowship—men who hold individual opinions, have had diverse experiences, represent various interests and movements of social life, but are one in the spirit of that new world, for the coming of which they all are laboring and praying. These twelve, the signatories of the above Announcement, are as follows:

Frank C. Doan, Minister of the Unitarian Church in Iowa City; author of "Religion and the Modern Mind," founder of "The Quarter Hour Communion Movement."

Charles F. Dole, Unitarian clergyman; author of "The Coming Religion," "A Religion for the New Day," "The Ethics of Progress," "The Spirit of Democracy," and other well known books; President of the Society for the Abolition of War.

Jesse H. Holmes, Quaker, Professor of History of Religion at Swarthmore College; President of the National Federation of Religious Liberals; an editor of *The Friends' Intelligencer.*

Henry R. Mussey, Secretary of the People's Legislative Service, Washington, D. C.

Edmund H. Reeman, Minister of the Unitarian Church in Des Moines, Iowa; author of "Do We Need a New Idea of God?"

Alson H. Robinson, Minister of the Unitarian Church in Plainfield, N. J.

Clarence R. Skinner, Minister of The Boston Community Church; Professor at Divinity School, Tufts College.

Anna Garlin Spencer, Ethical Culture leader; author of "Woman's Share in Social Culture."

Sidney Strong, Minister of Queen Anne Congregational Church in Seattle, Wash.

Arthur L. Weatherly, Minister of the Unitarian Church in Roslindale, Mass.

To these must be added Mr. Neilson and myself, under whose direction the Unity Fellowship will function in its editorial capacity. Also the Editorial Contributors, whose work for the new UNITY is expected to be one of its strongest features!

The second step was the extension of the Fellowship organization to foreign countries, for UNITY's purpose would be but poorly served if its activities and influence were confined to America alone. Correspondence has secured to date the following Foreign Representatives:

Canada—*Sidney B. Snow,* Minister of the Unitarian Church in Montreal.

England—*Fred Hankinson,* Minister Kentish Town Unitarian Church, London.

E. D. Morel, Editor of Foreign Affairs, London; author of "The Truth About the War," "Ten Years of Secret Diplomacy," "Red Rubber," and other books.

Walter Walsh, Minister of the Free Religious Association, London.

India—*Rabindranath Tagore.*

Russia—*Alina Huebsch,* Moscow.

Correspondence now being conducted with friends in Ireland, France, Italy, Denmark and Austria, is expected to lead to a rapid extension of this list of Foreign Representatives.

The Unity Fellowship, under the direction of Mr. Neilson and myself (who will contribute special articles as formerly), will provide the regular editorial discussions of the paper. The Editorial Contributors and Foreign Representatives will enrich its columns with articles, letters, and news items. In the beginning, each man will express primarily himself—his own opinions, interests and hopes. Inevitably, however, as time goes on, so closely allied in spiritual sympathy are the men associated in this undertaking, there will develop I am certain, a unity of viewpoint, an *esprit de corps* of conviction and utterance, which will make the members of this group speak a single message as with a single voice. There will always be independence of thought and judgment, of course; but out of our common devotion to a common task of prophecy, there must little by little emerge a community of purpose not unlike that which made memorable in their time the work of the Abolitionists and the Fabians. This at least is the ambition and hope of those who have set this work on foot.

For the present UNITY, as a weekly journal, will be the organ through which the Fellowship and its associates will speak. From time to time, however, significant editorials and articles will be reprinted from UNITY's columns in pamphlet form for general distribution. The revival of a pamphlet literature is one of the greatest needs of this unhappy age; the Unity Fellowship hopes to do its part in accomplishing this revival.

IV.

This reorganization and extension of UNITY's editorial staff is only the beginning of our plan. This

Fellowship, with its Contributors at home and its Representatives abroad, is intended to serve but as the vital nucleus of a wider grouping of men and women who are ready to accept and serve the religion of democracy. Already the present subscribers of UNITY, scattered throughout not merely this country but the world, represent a company of souls which has caught the vision to which I would have this paper to be "not unfaithful." But this company must be indefinitely enlarged, must be organized and integrated, if we are to be anything more than a voice crying in the wilderness. To this end, therefore, we are proposing to establish what is called the Unity Fellowship Associates, on the basis of the following

BOND OF UNION.

We, the undersigned, believing in the association of all men and women who are in sympathy with the aims and ideals set forth in the above Announcement, do invite all who wish to co-operate to join in a world-wide fellowship that has no bounds of race or creed.

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All persons who desire to become members may do so by sending their names to UNITY, care of Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, Ill.

To all the subscribers and friends of UNITY, I urge herewith active membership in this body of Associates. I urge as well that all convey the word to others who may be interested, and enlist their sympathy and support. There is no limit to which this organization may not develop, if those of us who understand, will only carry forth the news in true apostolic spirit. I have faith to believe that there are tens of thousands of people in this country who crave fellowship in such a work as UNITY would serve. But they are scattered, lonely, dismayed. These people need to find one another, that they may be comforted and strengthened. Then, bound together in a unity of hope and faith and love, they can find new comrades, and thus little by little "light such a candle by God's grace . . . as I trust shall never be put out."

V.

Such are the plans with which I introduce, on behalf of Mr. Neilson and myself, and of the Trustees, the new and greater UNITY. What is before us, we do not know; to what goal we are moving, we can not see. This is no time, however, to be content with small things, nor to be daunted by great tasks. The disasters which have befallen humankind in this cataclysmic age, must be the measure of the vision and consecration of men's souls. For if we have not within us the spiritual resources to meet the losses and perils that are without, our world is already doomed. What we can do, alone or in association, is perhaps little; but that little must be done with courage and good cheer.

Our strength is dust and ashes,
Our years a passing hour;
But Thou canst use our weakness,
To magnify Thy power.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

New York City, Nov. 1, 1921.

SELECTED

ROBERT COLLYER, in 1878: "We want to make this PAMPHLET MISSION go like a benediction among liberal thinkers all through the West. To feel that our little messenger is the most welcome visitor, especially in the lonely homes and thinly-scattered communities of free religious thinkers, that ever comes. We trust they will look for it then as one of their choice blessings, and find nobler uses in it than we can yet dream of. But that can only be done as those who are like-minded with ourselves take hold with us, and spread the news, far and wide, of its birth and promise, subscribe for as many copies as they can well afford to, and send them out where they know they will be a blessing."

H. M. SIMMONS, in 1879: "Unity is the word in which modern thought centers. History is showing that all religions are *one;* ethnology that humanity is *one;* biology that all life is *one;* chemistry that the earth is *one,* and astronomy that all worlds are *one.* Our paper aims to be faithful to this rising truth. The unity of religions in righteousness, the unity of men with each other and with nature, and the unity of all in God. For this truth of unity will in turn prove itself a gospel, bringing a larger charity and a wiser life to men."

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, in 1912: "Let no one take refuge in the theory of the transitory, for, UNITY or no UNITY, with the Editor-in-chief here or there, the cause of Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion endures, the cause of international and inter-racial comity, will stay. There will still be need of printed and spoken testimony to the Gospel of Peace, interdenominational and inter-racial peace, the faith of reason and, quite as necessary, the reason for faith."

The Treaty of Bankruptcy

The disastrous effects to interallied trade and commerce of the Treaty of Versailles seem to be without end. Everywhere the observant traveler interested in trade conditions goes in Europe he sees lamentable results proceeding from the handiwork of the gentlemen who drew up the terms of peace. Their "settlement of Europe" has thrown the whole industrial world out of gear, for there is not one European country, save Germany, which had a foreign business connection before and during the war, that is not in danger of losing its influence and trade, if it has not already lost all it had. Were it not for the visitors from other continents Europe would, save in the case of Germany, seem like a strike-stricken area. Notwithstanding the encouraging reports of trade revival which creep into the journals with absurd regularity, conditions of commerce have grown steadily worse, and it is difficult now to find a sensible optimist. Gloom pervades the mind of the fiercest opponent of the calamity howler. As an index of the extraordinary mental change which has come about during the past twelve months, concerning the evil done by the Treaty of Paris, it is worth while noting the place taken by Mr. John Maynard Keynes in the discussions on trade which take up so much space in many of Europe's leading journals. His articles are quoted daily, his opinions are discussed in all circles of society; he has become the authority to which financial and commercial men look for guidance, whether they like his advice or no. This strange revulsion of thought indicates a much stronger condition which surely existed in business circles at the time the peace was made; it indicates this: that the vast majority of business men were utterly devoid of economic knowledge when the peace terms were made and published. That the makers of the peace were stupendously ignorant of the elements of political economy now goes without saying. That fact is accepted everywhere but in America.

Consider the question of coal in connection with the Treaty of Versailles. Few men seem to understand how the treaty utterly demoralized the British coal industry, and, though at this time many editorials and articles appear in the British newspapers lamenting the terrible conditions which exist in the coal fields and the coal markets, one scarcely sees a word which reveals that the writers have the slightest knowledge of what caused the damage to the industry. Here is an editorial from *The Daily Mail* published in the English editions of the paper (it also appeared in the Paris edition) dealing with the coal crisis:

> . . . though the miners are working well, the coal which they are producing can not be sold. *It is too dear.* Sidings and trucks are congested with fuel. So serious is the congestion that some pits have closed down altogether and many pits are working short time. In numerous cases they are working for only two days a week; in others only three or four days. Everywhere there is a glut of coal, which would be absorbed if the price were lower.
>
> For steady employment the miner depends upon the activity of the British iron trade and other manufactures. Iron-masters and manufacturers say that they can not produce in competition with the Continent—which has now cheaper coal than the British—unless the price of their fuel is cut in half. It is an incontestable fact that Britain is still importing iron and steel and that very few of the blast furnaces extinguished in the stoppage are being restarted.

The editor observes that "foreign coal has gained a strong footing in Britain's old markets abroad," and he emphasizes the fact that: *"It is impossible to maintain British coal at a war price when foreign coal has fallen to a peace figure."*

This is a pretty state of affairs, and in pondering the matter one can not help thinking there was something more behind the last coal strike in Britain than appeared in the statement issued by the government and the miner's executive. Perhaps there were many coal users who welcomed the strike. Maybe the government was spared the humiliation of having to admit the real effect of the treaty on the British coal industry. A letter written by one directly interested in a world renowned cloth making concern sheds a fierce light on this matter and is well worth the attention of American manufacturers. The writer says:

> . . . despite the fact that but a few weeks have elapsed since the settlement of the longest coal strike ever known in this country, all the arrears of thirteen weeks have been wiped off; but not this only—the various pit-heads are accumulating stocks so quickly and coal wagons are being returned so tardily as to compel such collieries which have opened to adopt a four day week of working.
>
> The fact is, the decline in demand for coal is the truest barometer to be had for revealing the general paralysis of industry. That decline of demand had reached heavy proportions both in the home and export trades before the commencement of the strike.
>
> Let me illustrate. Twelve months ago at our mills we were consuming 600 tons of coal per lunar month. When the strike commenced we had some 550 tons of coal in stock and this stock has more than served all our needs during the thirteen weeks the pits have been idle. And instead of arranging for an inflow from the pits for autumn and winter on an average of 190 tons weekly I have been down to the pits to arrange for an average of thirty tons per week until further notice. And our position reflects in fairly accurate degree the lessened demand which all branches of the textile industry are making upon the mines to-day. Indeed the strike furnished not a few mills with a good excuse for closing down indefinitely. Orders were so few and cancellations so heavy as to make continued running of the mills a daily loss, but in the interests of the workpeople such loss was put up with. And the strike delivered the manufacturer from entailing such loss any longer.
>
> Of course following upon the re-opening of the pits there was some little inrush of orders to the pits. The corporations of our municipalities and like kindred bodies had exhausted their supplies for the making of gas, electricity, etc. But soon these requirements were met, and business in the coal trade has now become, in this short space of time and even before many of the pits have actually re-opened, more stagnant than before the strike commenced.
>
> To make matters worse the Government are unloading half a million tons of foreign coal at a heavy loss which of course the poor taxpayer will

meet without ever knowing the facts, for he is expecting "Germany to pay."

What sublime *Asses* we are (some of us)! I went down to our pits at the beginning of the strike to ascertain whether or no we could secure more supplies to add to the stock already mentioned. The Pit-Manager offered me supplies of slack from a stack of 1,000 tons which had been cancelled by a Firm of Iron Workers!

Why cancelled? Because the Versailles treaty had imposed upon Germany the selling of shipping tonnage to Britain at (I think) £8-0-0 per ton. The inflow of that shipping brought about the cancellation of orders to British shipbuilding yards at rates of £30-0-0 per ton. The cancellation of those contracts put the fires out in thirty out of forty furnaces at the above mentioned iron works!

"Make Germany pay!" Lloyd George's ticket-of-leave (coupon-candidates) reiterated this phrase with a damnable reiteration in the December election of 1918 until you could almost see the words written on the panoply of the heavens above.

Germany was to pay by sending coal to France at pit-head prices and this alone threw 200,000 British miners out of work.

In making Germany pay we are furnishing her with the very means of killing our trade, the trade we went to war to save from German competition. To the victors the bankruptcy! The other day an English newspaper announced the fact that owing to the recent fall in the value of the mark orders for 1,000,000 tons of iron and steel had been placed in Germany. But how long is this business to continue? Must we wait until a terrible winter of distress forces on the notice of our politicians the fact that was plain to the economist from the first that the Treaty of Versailles is the work of the maddest set of mad-hatters Alice ever clapped her eyes on?

FRANCIS NEILSON.

THE NEW DAY.

Nor east nor west shall light the starry way
To perfect peace, to manhood's purple dawning,
For north and south alike shall heed the warning.
The crumbling rule of potentate, the sway
Of mighty monarchies, the cruel play
Of despot's hand is o'er. The petty scorning
Of races vanisheth, and white the morning
Of that bright sun of heaven's perfect day.

The order changeth and by right divine
Of men not kings, true Justice ever rules.
Armed anarchy, the tyranny of schools
Are but the fruit of folly's evil vine.
The kingdom of the beautiful, the good
Will usher in the reign of brotherhood.

BENJAMIN COLLINS WOODBURY.

LIGHTING THE WAY.

The friendly rays that fall tonight
Down roads our trusting footsteps take,
Ages ago, from some vast height,
Left some bright star that may be dead.

So words go taking swerveless flight
To guide men's steps on some far way;
May only love and truth go out to light
Those brothers on that fateful way.

Nautilus. —*Anna Catherine Markham.*

Revolutionary Tendencies in Modern Literature

XIV.

GEORGE MEREDITH

George Meredith, 1828-1909, was a novelist, poet, critic, literary artist, an acute psychologist, and a great moral teacher. He is best known as a novelist; but he is a novelist who mingles philosophy with his fiction. In fact he wrote fiction in order that he might present to his readers that practical philosophy, that interpretation of life and experience, which he believed lies at the very foundation of all civilization. "It is conscience," he wrote, "residing in thoughtfulness I would appeal to. Narrative is nothing. It is the mere vehicle of philosophy. The interest is in the idea which action serves to illustrate." He used the novel as the pulpit from which he could present a gospel of courage, fidelity, ethical stamina, and a just interpretation of life. This position he stated in one of his letters:

> I think that all right use of life, and the one secret of life, is to pave ways for the firm footing of those who succeed us; and as to my works I know them faulty, think of them as worth only where they point and aid to that end. Close knowledge of our fellows, discernment of the laws of existence, these lead to great civilization. I have supposed that the novel exposing and illustrating the history of man may help us to such sustaining roadside gifts.

Less read than the other great novelists, and far from being popular, George Meredith has a profounder grasp on the deeper meanings of life than any of the others. He has gathered about his books, fiction and poetry alike, his own fellowship, an enlarging company of thinking, discerning readers, who find in his company that brave, and yet most truthful, interpretation of human experience they have sought for, and have not always found in the literature with a greater popular appeal than his. He has braced and stimulated them for the battle of life. His philosophy and his ethical teachings were in close accord with the modern evolutionary and scientific thinking of our time.

It was this trend in Meredith's writing which made Robert Louis Stevenson say of him at an early date, that his works were destined to immortality. Meredith's mission, wrote Conan Doyle, "is not so much to tell stories himself, as to initiate a completely new method in the art of fiction, to infuse fresh spirit into a branch of literature which was in much need of regeneration. His impatient and audacious genius has refused to be fettered by conventionalities. He has turned away from the beaten and well-trod track, and has cleared a path for himself through thorny and doubtful ways." This is the statement of J. M. Barrie: "Meredith is one of the outstanding men of letters since the Elizabethan age, and he is among the great English writers of fiction. To say that he is a wit is not to pronounce the last word. He is the greatest of the wits, because he is greater than his wit." David Christie Murray adds to this testimony of the novelists to the merits of Meredith, when he says: "Modern science can put the nutritive qualities of a whole ox into a very modest canister. Meredith's best sentences have gone through such a digestive process. He is not for everybody's table, but he is a pride and a delight to the pick of English epicures."

Not less emphatic has been the praise of Meredith by the poets. Swinburne wrote that his poetry "is al-

ways as noble in design as it is faultless in result." William Rossetti said that Meredith is supreme in the qualities of brilliancy, insight, pungency, and incisiveness. W. E. Henley wrote of Meredith's poetry: "Such fire, such vision, such energy, on the one hand; and on the other such agility and athletic grace are not often found in combination." "To him belongs philosophy in fiction," was the word of Oscar Wilde. "His people not merely live, but they live in thought. One can see them from myriad points of view. They are suggestive. There is a soul in them and around them. They are interpretative and symbolic. He is an incomparable novelist."

The critics are not less emphatic in their praise of Meredith. George Macaulay Trevelyan, in his book on "The Poetry and Philosophy of Meredith," calls him "the inspired prophet of sanity." Again he says that Meredith's is "the most modern of our poetry. Whenever he is not in touch with the common ideas of our age, it is more often because he is still in the front, than because he has been left behind." "Meredith's thoughts," reports Coulson Kernahan, "have crystallized into a brain-stimulating prose—every sentence of which is a satisfying mouthful to our intellectual hunger—which is sometimes pure poetry." "Meredith's novels," asserts Firmin Roz, "conjure up in our minds a vision of the world as it really exists, of life regarded as concrete fact, with its necessary elements, and its true basis, of man and woman regarded in their proper relationship, in their real nature."

Much complaint has been urged against Meredith, that he is obscure, difficult to read, complicated in his style, and repellant in his manner of expression. He uses metaphor constantly, not only in his novels, but even more exasperatingly in his poetry. He intertwines his metaphors to the discomfiture of his readers, frequently in the poetry introducing one within another or in such close relations to it as to puzzle those who seek to follow his thought closely. He uses adjectives in place of nouns, and nouns for adjectives. He also omits connectives and relative pronouns. His style is often complicated and subtle, and his thoughts are frequently jammed together in such close conjunction as to bring distraction to his readers. His narratives are intervened by long descriptive or philosophical essays, always worthy of thoughtful reading; but exasperating to those who care only for lively and dramatic episodes. Such readers wish for happy endings, which Meredith rarely provides, if he ever does so. He is concerned only for the natural, the psychological, and the legitimate results of conduct, which are by no means always consonant with optimism.

Meredith is very slow in introducing his characters to his readers, and to the essential features of his story. In "The Amazing Marriage" the first chapters seem to lead nowhere, and the first half of the novel lacks in force and point. In less degree "The Egoist" repels the reader in its opening chapters, which introduce one of the most interesting of modern novels.

Then again, Meredith is a psychologist, a student of behavior and character. He is not concerned to tell an interesting story, but to work out the subtle and complicated problems of human experience. He dives into the very depths of human nature, probes its hidden secrets; reveals its subtleties and its subterfuges. He has produced his novels for the purpose of showing the hidden springs of action in all sorts of persons in all the varied phases of life's evolution. Given the person and his environment his conduct follows, and the results which go with such. Meredith is one of the greatest of ethical teachers for the reason that he is scientific, and that he inexorably follows conduct to its issues in individual human destinies. Not the less does he show how individual influences individual, and how social groupings and environments help to shape and to complicate individual issues.

In several of his earlier novels, including "The Ordeal of Richard Feveral," 1859; "Evan Harrington," 1861; "Adventures of Harry Richmond," 1870, and "Beauchamp's Career," 1875, Meredith dealt with what may be called the education of young men. "Sandra Belloni," 1864, treats of the training of a young woman, "Vittoria," 1866, completing her career as woman and musical artist. "Beauchamp's Career" is the one of Meredith's novels which deals with English politics, and is thoroughly sympathetic with their radical tendencies. "Vittoria" is devoted to the Italian revolutionary movements, and their demand for independence and unity, which were characteristic of the period of Mazzini, who figures in it. In politics Meredith was a liberal of the radical type, sympathetic with the people, and earnestly desirous that individual freedom of action should be secured for all persons. His studies of English aristocratic life are by no means flattering, and many of its representatives in his novels are neither noble nor wise.

In the "Adventures of Harry Richmond" Meredith describes an adventurer and mountebank of the most pronounced type. "The Egoist" tells the story of a man who is in the fullest sense what the title indicates. "The Tragic Comedians," 1880, is based on the biography of Ferdinand Lasselle, his love adventure, and his death at the hand of a duellist. "Diana of the Crossways," 1885, is based in some degree on the career of Caroline Norton, a woman whose strange experiences, her daring actions, and her amazing indiscretions, were the subjects of much gossip. Meredith's latest novels, "One of Our Conquerors," 1891; "Lord Ormont and His Aminta," 1894; and "The Amazing Marriage," 1895, were devoted to the problems arising out of the relations of the sexes. In these novels especially, and in some of the others in lesser degree, as well as in several of his poems, Meredith became the defender of women. He believed women should be granted the suffrage, and that they should be regarded politically as on an equality with men. In fact, in all respects he desired that women should have the same rights as are possessed by men, and that the disabilities under which they have been placed should be entirely removed.

Meredith was also the author of a considerable body of poetry, beginning with "Poems," 1851. This was followed by "Modern Love and Poems of the English Roadside," 1862. The title poem grew out of his experiences in connection with his first marriage and his separation from his wife. One of his most characteristic volumes was his "Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth," 1883. Then came "Ballads and Poems of Tragic Life," 1887, and "A Reading of Earth," 1888. "Odes in Commemoration of French History," 1898, dealt with the revolution, Napoleon, and the war of 1871. In it was expressed Meredith's great admiration for the French. His last volume of poetry was "A Reading of Life," 1901. His "Poetical Works" also contain a number of uncollected poems, transla-

tions from the Iliad, epitaphs, and the poems contained in the novels. To this volume have been added helpful notes by G. M. Trevelyan explanatory of the more difficult of the poems. In fact, some expository aids are most desirable for many of the poems. In his poetry, even more than in his novels, Meredith uses a contracted, concentrated shorthand style, which makes him quite as difficult to understand as Browning at his worst. In addition to this stylistic peculiarity, Meredith expresses his philosophy in his poetry even more fully than in his novels. That philosophy differs radically from that of Browning, as also from that of Wordsworth. It differs in being based on the modern law of evolution, and in being thoroughly scientific in spirit. Meredith was a great lover of nature, spending much of his time out of doors, wandering widely on his long tramps, in order that he might study all phases of earth, ocean, and sky.

Two of the titles of Meredith's books of poetry contain the word "Earth," which was for him expressive of Nature in its most comprehensive meaning. In some of his poems he seems to personify earth, describing it as "Mother Earth," and in a modern way revives the primitive conception of the great Mother Goddess. Earth is to him not only vital, anthropomorphically, but feminized, and loved with profound affection. Out of the earth springs all life, as in the old myths; and this was his reading of the evolutionary process. He conceived of man as the highest outcome of the vitality of earth, as coming up from below, and not descending from above, as Wordsworth taught. That is, to Meredith man is distinctly a product of nature, an outgrowth of the material world in his primary origin. He does not come from the gods, as in many mythologies; but he ascends to them. Having a material origin, he advances to that which is spiritual as the result of his human experiences. In a word, instead of having a spiritual nature thrust upon him, he attains it by his struggle with the world, and his conquest over it. This is the evolutionary process, and it is thoroughly characteristic of the philosophy of Meredith as presented in his poems.

Meredith unifies matter and mind, gives them a syncretic connection. He is neither idealist nor realist, but recognizes the two tendencies of thought as if they were one. He sometimes appears to regard mind as an evolution from matter. His keen and yet enthusiastic love of nature, sympathy with all its forms and processes, would indicate that to him Nature is not only organic and vital, but source of all that makes up the qualities of human life and the processes of civilization. If man was earthly in the beginning, product of its organic processes, he may become heavenly by his mastery of himself and the world.

With Meredith Mother Earth is no metaphor or figure of speech, no mere revival of ancient mythology; but a vital philosophical conception. The reading of earth, the comprehension of its deeper meanings as concerns man, Meredith regards as of the greatest importance. This teaching of his finds explicit statement in the "Spirit of Earth in Autumn," in which he says:

> Earth, the mother of all,
> Moves on her steadfast way,
> Gathering, flinging, sowing.
> Mortals, we live in her day,
> She in her children is growing.

Meredith sees in earth "our only visible friend," that which brings man into communion with God. His conviction is that God is immanent in nature, that nature is the visible manifestation of deity. In his poem entitled "Outer and Inner," he conceives of earth as speaking to man, and urging him to see how good and beauty grow out of what seems gross and evil. Here he indicates, too, how matter develops into mind, how the material prepares for the spiritual.

> Accept, she says; it is not hard
> In woods; but she in towns
> Repeats, accept; and have we wept,
> And have we quailed with fears,
> Or shrunk with horrors, sure reward
> We have whom knowledge crowns;
> Who see in mould the rose unfold,
> The soul through blood and tears.

Holding to such a philosophy as this, it was impossible that Meredith should accept any of the conventional phases of religion found established around him. He was, in fact, one of the most modern-minded men in this respect. Deeply religious in his own way, reverencing all goodness and beauty, he appears to have found no satisfaction, no answer to his ethical and spiritual needs, in the formalities and dogmas of the ancient faiths. He went his own way serenely, loving nature, rejoicing in his friends and neighbors, living the full measure of a joyous life, and accepting cheerfully the disappointments and rebuffs life brought him. Was it true that he believed that man creates for himself his own spiritual world? Sometimes it would appear that this is what is to be read in his poems. The ancient faith in Mother Earth, long since dropped out of the general beliefs of men, and revived in a new spirit and manner of expression by Meredith, showed that he had thought deeply in regard to the relations of matter and mind, the material and the spiritual. It showed clearly that he did not accept the conventional notion that the two are wholly distinct, that the one dominates the other; but that through the evolutionary process they are fundamentally and vitally one. The one grows out of the other, and transcends the other only in its results, not in its form. In a unitary world there can be no primary duality, no real set over against what is ideal, no ideal lording it over what is real. In the ancient mythology Mother-Earth and Father-Heaven generated the whole of the universe and all that it contains, including man. Modernized as a poetical interpretation of the evolutionary process that was the faith of George Meredith.

GEORGE WILLIS COOKE.

TODAY.

Within the arms of God the Day, like a babe,
Called to me to come and foster it.
What was my answer? I said: "You Toy!
You Delight! Delicate Bauble. Pretty foot-page."
I snatched it from those arms,
Made it my love, my slave.
When at night I went to give it back
I found no one in the silence where God sat.
They said: "He is seeking his lost son,
Who has been enslaved by a world of strangers."
Then I looked at the babe with whom we had all played.
Lo, slain, slain in my arms!
With whom I might have shared the arms of God.

ZONA GALE.

The faculty of being possessed more or less completely by an idea is probably the fundamental condition of what is called genius.—*Huxley.*

Trudeau, the Health Pioneer

Edward L. Trudeau, in 1865, was taking care of his brother, who was stricken with a progressive form of tuberculosis. In those days there was no attempt to guard the other members of a household from infection and to build up resistance to the disease; that the disease was infectious was not even known. Trudeau was a young man then, beloved of a large host of care-free friends. They enjoyed life with little thought of working or of the working people. The brother died. Edward Trudeau made up his mind that he would study medicine and become a doctor. Most particularly was he interested in the disease which had caused his brother's death. In 1871 he qualified as house physician at the Strangers' Hospital on Tenth Street in New York City; soon thereafter married Miss Lottie Beare. The following year he was told by New York's best diagnostician of the time that one of his lungs was affected.

As was the way in those days, his case was generally regarded as hopeless. When in a family one person died of tuberculosis and another contracted the disease, the illness was accounted for on the ground of "heredity." Dr. Trudeau, however, did not accept the way of those days. He made the best of his illness by resolving to conquer it. His philosophy was that the way to make a conquest of fate is not struggling against it, not trying to escape from it, but adaptation to it. He decided to give nature a chance to benefit him, and went to the Adirondacks.

This step on the part of the great pioneer doctor probably furthered the cause of tuberculosis more than any other step ever taken by any American. No greater departure from former treatments of the disease could possibly have been made. Instead of going to a warm climate and remaining indoors with closed windows and no sunshine, Dr. Trudeau braved the coldest, snowiest sort of winters in the big outdoors. Medical friends were open-mouthed. They thought he was dashing into the jaws of death. The fact that he withstood the Adirondack winter became far-famed. Others wished to join him and be helped. The realization that multitudes of poorer persons in the cities were dying of the same disease as his own was constantly in his mind. His wished to bring them to this healthy out-of-door world where the woods seemed to have the power of healing.

He therefore conceived the idea of a cottage sanatorium, but he had no money with which to finance such an ambitious proposition. It was a costly treatment. Throughout his life, however, Trudeau's enthusiasm, his winning personality, had always brought him many friends. Little by little he convinced wealthy persons of the benefit which might be brought to sufferers in the city. He begged from friends, from strangers, from everyone who he felt could well afford to help increase his sanatorium fund. He started with one little cottage. Two factory girls from New York were his first patients. The loyalty and big-hearted support that he received from his wife, from his assistant physician, from nurses, from all the mountain people who had grown to love Trudeau—these contributed toward keeping him from being discouraged during the first years of his great undertaking.

Working in makeshift quarters for a laboratory, Dr. Trudeau became the pioneer in the treatment for tuberculosis which is used the world over today. His was the first research laboratory in America for the study of the tubercle bacilli then causing the death yearly of one-seventh of the population.

Trudeau himself was never cured. He often endured the most intense suffering; his life was despaired of many times. The clean fresh breezes of those mountains always rallied him and he lived until 1915. He was sixty-seven years old at his death.

Trudeau Sanatorium is a beautiful memorial of his life. It is, however, a material memorial. What he left to the world cannot be measured by anything tangible. The inspiration he has been to thousands of disheartened ones can never be known. His contribution to the world through tuberculosis study and through his method, rest and open air treatment, has meant the saving of vast numbers of lives. Wherever one of his fellowmen is restored to health by his treatment, he lives on.

His life is an inspiration also to those who are well. He has driven home the message that all persons in the world must unite to wipe out the Great White Plague. He was the first president of the first organized association to prevent tuberculosis in this country. That organization, now called the National Tuberculosis Association, together with its affiliated state and local tuberculosis associations, is carrying on an educational campaign everywhere in America to fight the disease. Its work has also been extended to the Panama Canal Zone and to the insular possessions of the United States. The work of these organizations, begun and influenced by Dr. Trudeau, is supported by the annual sale of tuberculosis Christmas Seals. The Fourteenth Annual Christmas Seal Sale will take place between Thanksgiving and Christmas this year, and the response of the public in purchasing the seals will determine the extent to which their national, state and local effort to wipe out the disease can be carried forward in 1922. "Christmas Seal Your Christmas Mail" is the slogan of the campaign, which deserves generous support.

New York City. HARVEY DEE BROWN.

Jesus and Progressive Orthodoxy

The Rev. T. Reaveley Glover, considered by Joseph Fort Newton as one of the "Living Masters of the Pulpit," in a sermon highly commended by Dr. Newton, says:

> The plain fact is that God for Jesus, God in Jesus, is an unexplored treasure still; and for us, apart from Jesus, God is little better than an abstract noun; and, as I grow older, I find abstract nouns of less and less use. Let us put it in this way: If we spoke straight out we should say that God could not do better than follow the example of Jesus. That means that Jesus fulfills our conception of God, but that is not enough. He is constantly enlarging our idea of God, revealing great tracts of God unsuspected by us.

The phrase that is very striking and which I think is of worth in an estimate of progressive orthodoxy is one where this clergyman speaks "straight out." "If we spoke straight out we would say that God could not do better than follow the example of Jesus." The other sentences give this its setting.

In this exaltation of Christ, it is no longer a question of humanity following Jesus, but God "following" Jesus' way. Could orthodoxy go further in a *reductio ad absurdum?* This seems to say that high theological orthodoxy and atheism are much nearer in their treatment of God than we first believed. The rationalist

without Jesus could only conceive of an abstract noun. No wonder theism is sick.

If without Jesus God is little better than an abstract noun, in our individual conceptions, how great must have been the Hebrew prophets and bards that found God a great rock in a weary land before the advent of Jesus? Must there not be a new estimate of Jewish genius for religion?

Is it not almost miraculous that the spirit of this great Jewish teacher has shone so brightly that he has survived the translation test, the remembrance test of his lovers and followers, the churches, creeds and money tests? Men have slaughtered their fellows in his name and in his name made this world to flow with blood of other human beings claiming him as their Saviour.

To one who tries to understand facts in relation, it causes a re-study of the waves of light radiating from this great personality. Even his servile friends can not keep this man of humanity down. The church of his day and the state were conquered by the one who could denounce hypocrisy as well as forgive the woman taken in the act of adultery. Surely there must be in the ground work of things something of the divine that causes brute force and materialism and the whining propensities of crawling adoration to be of no lasting effect. And the Man of Nazareth, the problem of ages, starting from the Gopher Prairie of his times, will yet come to his own, where the little bands of denominationalism and social sets and nationalism will be overshadowed by real humanity.

"For whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother." (From the oldest Gospel.) Is not our greatest need today to love not those who say "Lord, Lord," but those who are brothers and sisters and mothers of Jesus? He is too great for us to ignore or patronize: let us join his company.

CARLYLE SUMMERBELL.

The following words of John Hay to William H. Seward, written February 5, 1868, deserve to be known everywhere. They are even more true to-day than when they were written half a century ago—and before the Great War showed their terrible meaning:

"The great calamity and danger of Europe to-day are these enormous armaments. No honest statesman can say that he sees in the present attitude of politics the necessity of war. No Great Power is threatened. There is no menace to peace that could not be immediately dispelled by a firm protest of the peacefully disposed majority of nations. There would be, therefore, no danger to any people, but a vast and immediate gain to all from a general disarmament. It need not be simultaneous. It is idle to say that France fears an invasion from Prussia or Prussia from France, and an honest understanding among the Western nations would keep the peace from the Eastern side.

Why then is this awful waste of youth and treasure continued? I believe from no other motive than to sustain the waning prestige of Kings. Armies are to-day only useful in Europe to overcome the people, or by groundless wars to divert their attention from domestic misrule and the false and wicked equilibrium by which now the interest of one man weighs as heavily as those of millions of his fellow-creatures would be utterly destroyed."

(1)—The Landlord's Prayer

O God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men—for Thou hast made me Thine own elected one.

All Thy works praise Thee—and yield their tribute to me. The earth created Thou it—and gavest it to me.

The sea also is Thine, but Thou has given me control over its bed for some distance out from the shoreland, so that none may tunnel beneath or ride upon the face of the waters without paying toll to me.

The firmament of the heavens is Thine, and Thou hast set the sun therein to give light and warmth by day; likewise the moon and the stars to radiate through the gloom and the darkness of night, and these also enrich my exchequer.

Thou ridest Thy chariot in the clouds, thereby causing the winds to blow their health-giving breezes over my estate, and dost thereby still further increase my plenteousness.

Thou dost command the rains to fall and replenish the parched ground, and the hills form themselves into watersheds for the express purpose of enriching me.

Thou hast decreed that the non-elect of mankind shall live by labor, and Thou hast given me the right and the power to levy tribute on the fruits of their labor, in recognition of my gracious condescension to permit their compliance with Thy commands.

Thou hast ordained that the land which Thou gavest me shall rise in value through the operation of natural laws and social factors, and Thou hast appointed me to collect these enhanced values for myself and my house.

In further manifestation of Thy concern for me and mine, Thou hast, in Thy wisdom, commanded the non-elect to forge weapons for defending that which Thou hast given me, and that they also shall provide the forces which shall wield these weapons in keeping secure for me that which Thou gavest me.

Thy favor to me and my house is further demonstrated in Thy command that the non-elect shall provide, out of the fruits of their labors, such monies as may be required to provide compensation to the dependents of those who fall, and to those who are maimed and bruised whilst defending us and our properties from our enemies, so that little or no toll shall be made therefor upon Thy goodness to me and mine.

The Lord be praised for all His wonderful goodness to me and my house. Yea, Lord, it is good to be Thine own elected one. For all the favors of the past I thank Thee, and for the favors which are still to come I bless Thy holy name. Amen, and yet again amen.

(2)—The Prayer of the Landless

O Thou who didst decree all things, and who didst breathe upon us, giving us life, for what purpose didst Thou create us?

For we are aliens upon the soil which gave us birth, and we are trespassers in the land of our fathers.

Thou didst fashion us in nakedness, and didst bid us break the bread we eat in the sweat of our brows. But though we would fain comply with Thy command, we may not do so without the consent of others.

And the price of such consent is so exacting that out lives are made bitter by hard bondage.

We plough the fields and scatter the good seed o'er

the land, but a mere pittance of the golden grain is our portion of the harvesting.

We spin and weave, but it is the bodies of others which are kept warm by the cloth our hands doth make.

We build ships and carry over the face of the deep the fruits of the labors of our brethren, and we return laden with the fruits of Thy beneficence and other men's labors in the lands we have visited, but others than ourselves and our brethren appropriate the fruits of our activities.

Down, down we go into the deeps of the mine, and through danger attended with discomfort we dig and hew the coal which shall give warmth and glow to the hearthstones of our homes; but divers rents, royalties and wayleaves impoverish the hire of our labor in order to enrich the exchequer of those who neither toil nor spin.

The rights of the birds of the air and of the beasts of the field to their place on this planet of Thy creation is acknowledged, but ours is challenged. We have not where to lay our heads, we have not where to place the soles of our feet—without permission. And we may only secure such permission by the payment of annual tribute known as ground-rents.

Jesus, our elder Brother, who taught us to believe that Thou art equally the Father of us all; didst also command us to render to Thee the things which belong to Thee.

The earth, created Thou it! Hast Thou given the title deeds thereof to those who refuse to us the right of a standing and a resting place thereon, unless we pay rent to them annually?

If Thou hast bestowed on them the title deeds, wherein have we sinned against Thee, and wherein have they so pleased Thee, that they should be thus lifted above compliance with Thy decrees and ordinances, and we be so penalized that our children languish for lack, their mothers droop and die, thus causing many of us to curse the day we were born.

If these things be not of Thy ordering, so incline the hearts of all Thy people to the issues of justice, that they may be made to realize they but mock Thee with vain petitions when they pray, "Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven," until they right this wrong which dishonors Thee and which enslaves and destroys Thy disinherited children. Amen.

Huddersfield, England. JOHN ARCHER.

THE IDEAL.

"Not the treasures is it that have awakened in me so unspeakable a desire, but the *Blue Flower* is what I long to behold."—NOVALIS.

Something I may not win attracts me ever,—
Something elusive, yet supremely fair,
Thrills me with gladness, but contents me never,
Fills me with sadness, yet forbids despair.

It blossoms just beyond the paths I follow,
It shines beyond the farthest stars I see,
It echoes faint from ocean caverns hollow,
And from the land of dreams it beckons me.

It calls, and all my best, with joyful feeling,
Essays to reach it as I make reply;
I feel its sweetness o'er my spirit stealing,
Yet know ere I attain it I must die!

The Atlantic. —*Florence Earle Coates.*

An International Federation of Ministers and Churches

August 25, 1921.

Dear UNITY:

When I read in a recent UNITY your words, "The situation calls for nothing less than a vast international conference of all churches in all countries," I exclaimed, "Thank God! At last I see the idea in print!"

That idea has been in my mind for years and years—certainly more than a score—and I have repeatedly spoken of it to my friends. I have thought and thought about it, wondering how any minister—his life consecrated to Christ's teachings—could refrain from urging upon every possible occasion the doctrine of love toward other peoples and the absolute elimination of war. As a young girl I used to wonder why every sect claiming to be Christian did not embody in its creed an article condemning war and forbidding its members to engage in it—like the Society of Friends.

Another idea, or phase of the same, that has caused me much speculation for many long years and especially during the last few, is why doctors in every land are not banded together in societies pledged to the work of preventing or eliminating war. Why have they not written and lectured and spoken against it and been among the foremost to advocate peace? No one knows better than they the indescribable suffering both physical and mental endured by wounded soldiers. They note the anguish and despair of the crippled and blinded, the crazed brains of those who lost their poise through the horrors of battle, and they know the nation's strongest and best have been sacrificed and all to no purpose! And yet it was not an M. D. who wrote "The Blood of the Nation!" Have members of the medical profession given us notable literature of that character? I should think they would have produced much of it! What does it mean but that physicians equally with ministers are not awake and alive to their responsibilities? I hold them every whit as culpable as those ministers of the Gospel who are not bending all their energies toward the prevention of war—and have not done so in the past.

The training for the medical profession should give its students a broad and liberal comprehension of human life in its relations to immediate environment, society and race welfare. Does it? And to instruct the people as to their responsibilities toward themselves, to lead and guide them toward improved living in every possible way, to strive for the *prevention* of sickness and suffering ought to rank as primary concerns with every member of the profession. Yet are not doctors as a class as strongly affected by the traditions of former generations, as firmly "chained to the dead hands of the past," as the less educated populace?

Please do not think for a moment that I do not recognize and give due credit and praise to the noble endeavors of those men who have immortalized themselves by their benefits to mankind in conquering yellow fever, typhus, cholera, the plague and other scourges. There are few things worthy to be classed upon the same plane with that heroic work. But does not the contemplation of that make it seem all the more strange and contradictory that the medical profession as a whole should lend itself without unqualified protest to the aid of the fiendish inheritance from savagery which has been of such incalculable injury to

mankind? Again I insist that its protest should long ago have been raised in a united and tremendous outcry against the torturing of bodies and degrading of minds—war's rewards!

Suppose a man had devoted his life to the study of the phenomena of volcanic eruptions and earthquakes, had invented and perfected an exceedingly delicate instrument which recorded conditions and variations in the atmosphere not due to ordinary pressure, and aided by that had become so expert that he could predict with accuracy the coming of either phenomenon within any period of not more than a few months. He proceeds to take a journey around the world within certain limits of the volcanic belt. In Central America he finds evidence that volcanic action will occur in about four months which will threaten large areas of cultivated land and some cities, and in Mexico that an earthquake will affect an extensive mining region. In Southern California a tremendous earthquake is due a few days later. Next he finds that Manna Loa will belch forth destruction in less than three months and that Japan will be visited by both eruption and earthquake at about the same time and in thickly populated areas. Proceeding westward he is able to locate earthquakes coming in Malay and India. In Europe he finds that Mt. Aetna is preparing for an eruption of such violence that the entire island may be devastated and even partially destroyed, and that southern Spain and Portugal, and northern Africa in the region of several of its largest cities, are destined to receive terrific shocks in about two months. He returns to his home and awaits results telling no word of all his findings to any person. No human power could avert these catastrophes but warnings of their coming would save hundreds of thousands of lives. What would we think of a man who would deliberately keep such knowledge to himself? That he was a fit subject for an insane asylum?

What are we to think of any persons in this age whose ideas are so warped by traditions that have descended to us from past eras of uncivilization that they not only do nothing to warn of, or prevent, threatening danger to peoples—perhaps annihilation of mankind—but even arrange for, or connive at, the very things that would produce it? Yet this danger which still threatens to overwhelm the world is not only absolutely unnecessary but, unlike Nature's resistless upheavals, is easily within the power of reasonable beings to prevent—to stop forever—if so they choose to do.

Can you not formulate the ideas and suggest the ways by which there shall be founded in New York the beginnings of the "International Federation of Ministers and Churches," whose sole object shall be the liberation of the world by the elimination of war?

Sincerely yours,

LYDIA G. WENTWORTH.

51 *Addington Road, Brookline, 46, Mass.*

There is no man suddenly either excellently good or extremely evil.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

The true gentleman is the man who does not pride himself on anything.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

One will seldom go wrong if he attributes extreme actions to vanity, average ones to habit, and petty ones to fear.—*Nietzsche.*

A Book a Week

Mary Badollet Powell Memorial

THREE PLAYS: THE STRAW, THE EMPEROR JONES, and DIFF'RENT. By Eugene G. O'Neill. New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.

Of these three plays the first, "The Straw," seems to me to be the best and most dramatically human, and the second, "The Emperor Jones," the finest play as such. "The Straw" might almost as well have been a short novel; it wins because of its stirring and pitiful story; but "The Emperor Jones" is something built for production on the actual stage, it is the work of a *dramatist,*—in the full meaning of the word.

"The Straw" is said to be the first of O'Neill's plays to appear in book form before production. It is a play to read, surely. It would not act as well as it reads, according to my judgment. It lacks, in a measure, the dramatist's touch—which does not mean that it is not dramatic. The action centers about a sanitorium for tuberculosis sufferers, and the two principal characters are patients there. The man recovers and goes back to "the world," a successful literary craftsman. The girl, who has helped him to win fame, remains alone, slowly losing strength and courage. The man's tardy love awakens, and he returns. To speak of the plot at greater length would be to "spoil" the presumptive reader's pleasure. It is altogether a fine work. The characters are well drawn, and the dialogue well written. It is, of course, the pathos of the situation that *makes* it a dramatic achievement; but not only that: O'Neill's lively sympathy and generous understanding is quite as truly responsible. I think I should not care to see "The Straw" played; but I certainly recommend it for reading.

I have missed seeing "The Emperor Jones" performed, but I have already indicated my opinion that it is a work that should be *seen.* The appeal of the setting and the throbbing of the voodoo drum which has such deadly effect on the Emperor's effort to escape from his empire, go beyond the intellect and reach the emotions through eye, ear and pulse. No amount of exertion of the reader's imagination will make the tragedy of Jones as vital as an hour in the darkened theatre with the action proceeding on the boards; that is why the play is so superbly a *play.* The plot is "given away" in the first act. The ex-pullman porter, whose ready wits have made him autocrat of the West Indian island on which the action is supposed to pass, decides that he is in danger of losing his throne, his "swag," perhaps his life; he retreats to the jungle, where in the murky night the past of the human race rises and conquers him. O'Neill might have written this play with no other speaking character than the fugitive; it is almost a monologue. The reader of the text will long to see Mr. Gilpin in the role; it is certainly an opportunity for a great actor.

Of the last play of this series, "Diff'rent," it is difficult to write. It is, first of all, a brutal preachment against prudery; that is perhaps the easiest thing to say about it. The plot is thrilling, well-organized and executed with technical skill of the highest order. A young woman declines to marry her sea captain sweetheart because of reports she has heard from other men of his conduct with a native woman encountered on a whaling voyage in the South Seas, reports exaggerated and misunderstood. The man, who really is "diff'rent" from the others, does not abandon his suit; he remains

THE FIELD.

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

JUSTICE FOR THE NATIVES.

[This appealing message has come to us from Switzerland. We earnestly commend it to the attention of UNITY. —EDITORS.]

Many Leagues and Committees exist in different parts of the world with the object of protecting, in the name of civilization, the rights of millions of Natives, who, in spite of civilization, have been persistently deprived of their lands, ancestral rights and also their freedom.

It is an unfortunate circumstance that until now there has been no uniformity of action between the various Leagues and Committees formed to work in the Native's interest. Therefore it was deemed necessary to find a medium which would centralize the combined activities of these various Leagues throughout the world.

Accordingly, an "International Bureau for the Protection of Native Races" was founded in Geneva in 1913. Unfortunately, with the outbreak of the world war of 1914, the functions of this Bureau were put out of order and, during the entire crisis, were reduced to almost nothing.

Now, however, the moment has come to renew this work with increased vigor, and we think, that the choice of Geneva, as the seat of the League of Nations, will afford specially favorable conditions to the International Bureau, allowing, as it would, of its entering into a close contact with those organs of the League of Nations entrusted with the carrying out of the Colonial Mandates and the betterment of Native conditions. (Art. 22 and 23 of the Covenant.)

Some millions of Natives, representing perhaps one half of the world population, would thus find themselves placed under the protection of these official bodies whose duty it should be to safeguard the interests of the Native and suppress the abuses of all kinds practiced on him, which all former international agreements have failed to do. Now, experience has taught us that "official" Organizations are generally inadequate without the effective complement of "unofficial" Institutions that serve as a guide and stimulus. In consequence of this, the International Bureau will be called on more than ever to give the necessary information to all those persons or societies that are interested in these questions, and by so doing will become a connecting link between them and the League of Nations.

The correspondence between the latter and the International Bureau would be more or less regular while all the Societies organized in Europe, America and Australia as well as a goodly number of persons in those countries, would have ample opportunity of keeping in touch with the Bureau.

With the new circumstances engendered by the return of peace, the work of the Bureau will be doubled and even quadrupled through the extra stress of work put upon it. It would be no exaggeration to say that several persons will be required to cope with the heavy correspondence—until now conducted by a single man—to translate and publish in different languages the host of documents which the I. B. will have gathered and which will be destined to all those Societies and persons interested; to supervise and disseminate the propaganda necessary to the increase in the number of Leagues for the Protection of Native Races in all countries; to publish a quarterly organ, etc.

The Geneva Committee which is now taking in hand the reorganization of the I. B., and which is so anxious to see the Bureau fulfilling its role, thinks, after a serious examination of the question, that it will need a sum of at least £400 for the present year and an equal amount for the ensuing year, in order to make an energetic yet modest start.

This is a very low figure when considering the enormous amount of work to be carried out by the International Bureau, and it will partly be provided for through contributions coming from the Leagues and Committees which must benefit by the work of the Bureau. This was done during the war by the English and Swiss Leagues, which alone enabled the Bureau to keep going until the end of the crisis. Now, as the resources are entirely insufficient, the Committee hopes to count on help from other people who are convinced of the good of the cause.

The "Anti-Slavery and Aborigines Protection Society" of Great-Britain, which is acquainted with the work accomplished by the International Bureau, and which desires to see this work continue, has passed a resolution in its favor, while promising a sum of £10 to help cover the deficit caused during the war, also promising an annual grant of £10 during a period of three years.

The "Swiss League for the Defence

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loyal for thirty years, waiting for the woman to "come to her senses." But the woman, poor creature, goes insane. At the end there is a jazz-mad soldier, the captain's nephew, to gloat over the wreck. The last half-hour of the play is positively smashing. The whole work is commendable: courageous treatment of a difficult theme, characterization, draughting, all of it powerful writing.

Seriously, this collection of plays from O'Neill's pen is amazing. One realizes how fine they are when one reviews the history of dramatic writing in this country in our time. O'Neill is the only American comparable with the modern English, Irish, Russian and German playwrights. When I think of him I think of Pinero, and the advantage is with the younger man. When the author of "The Emperor Jones" is as old as the other of "Mrs. Tanqueray," if his art is spared to him, as indeed it should be, he will be Pinero's superior and the equal of the best.

It is just for me to confess that my estimation of O'Neill's work is not based exclusively on the present volume. I have been inspired also by my memory of the first public performance of "Beyond the Horizon" which moved me to my soul's depths and which I still consider the best play ever written by an American author.

JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

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of Native Races" has also promised a donation of 250 Frs. as well as an annual subscription of 250 Frs.

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The Committee of the International Bureau now appeals to such societies as the Anthropological, Ethnological, Geographical, and International Law, as well as to Churches and Missionary Societies and to all persons interested in this cause, to help and speedily collect the sum necessary to the development of the work of the International Bureau.

Subscriptions and donations, however small, may be forwarded to the Hon. Treasurer, Prof. Ed. Naville, Malagny, Versoix, Geneva.

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